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DECEMBER

1908

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

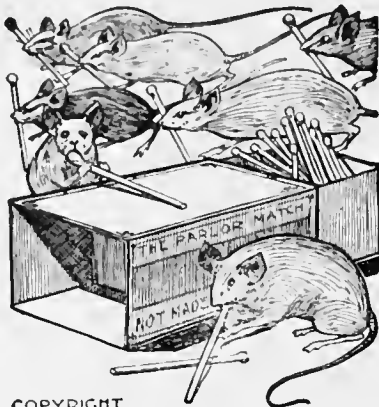
A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of
the child, the progress of the Sunday School
and the enlightenment of the home



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Poison Added 35

Published Monthly By The
Deseret Sunday School Union
Salt Lake City, Utah



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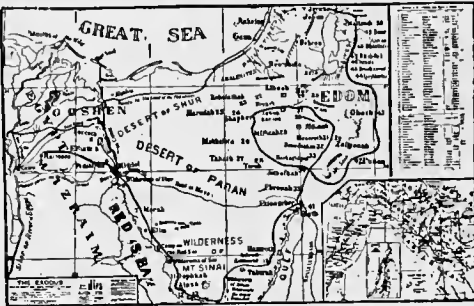


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HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

*Designed Expressly for the Education and
Elevation of the Young*

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

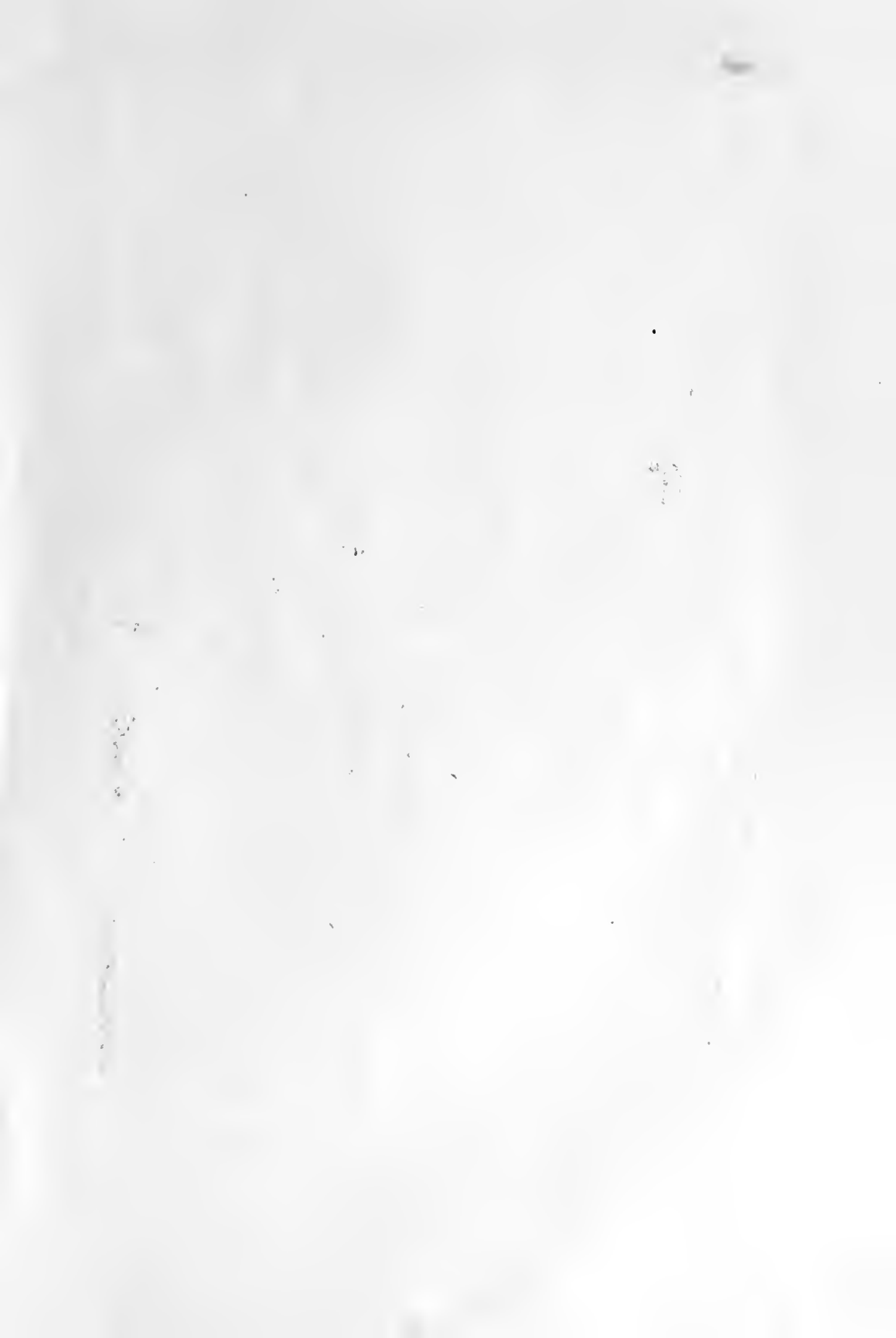
Volume XLIII, for the Year 1908

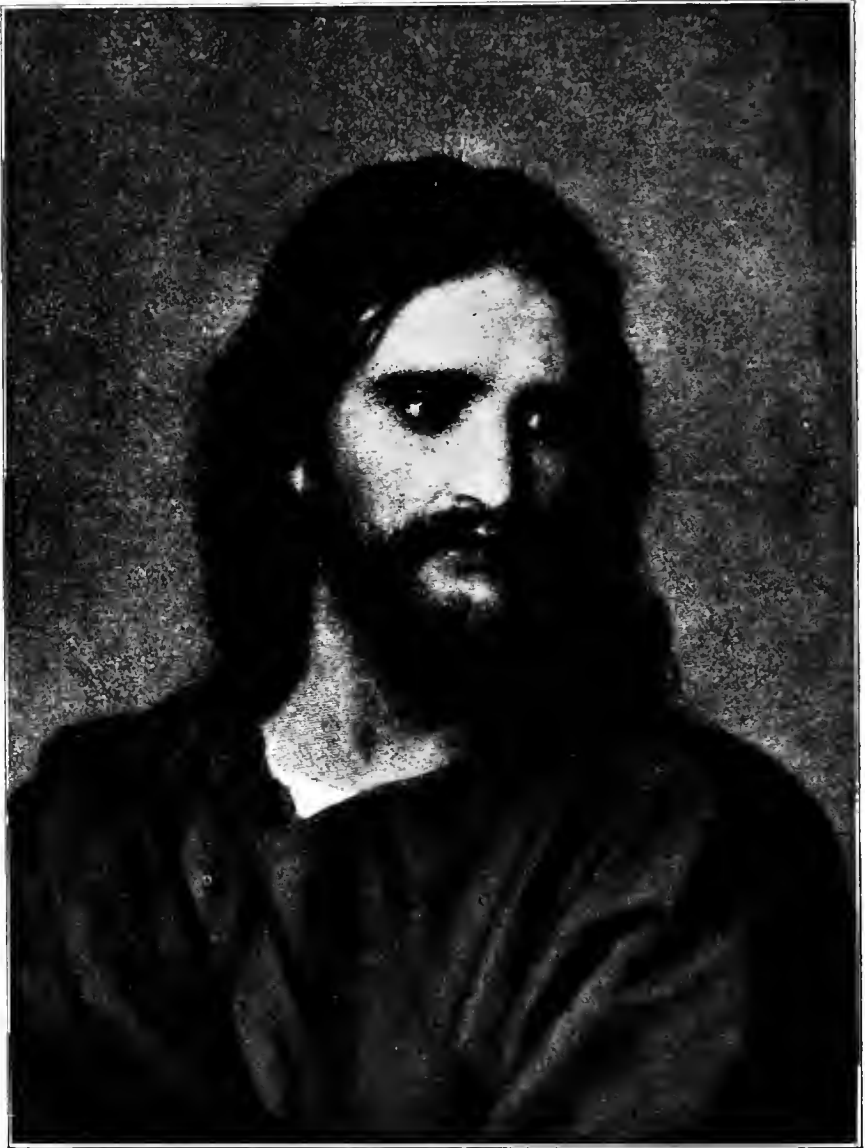
PUBLISHED BY THE
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

1908

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—From Painting by Hoffman.
THE SAVIOR OF THE WORLD.

How Jesus came to be the Christ.

By O. J. P. W.

Many years before most of us can remember there was revealed to the Prophet, Joseph Smith, a very old and wonderful story which tells about man before he came to this earth. The earth was not even formed at the time the story tells about. The matter from which it was to be made was circling about in space, in obedience to the laws of God. But the matter was unshaped and unorganized. The coal and the iron, the gold and the silver, the soil and the rocks, the air and the water, all the things that make this big earth, were there, mixed without order; for God had not yet sent forth the command that the matter should be gathered together, nor had the Spirit of God moved upon the shapeless mass. And there was no kind of life then upon the unorganized matter in space. Therefore the Bible says that the earth was without form and empty.

Yet all the men and women of this world had life and existence at that very time. We were all living, created beings long before the earth was formed. In a happy home, far away from the unorganized matter of the earth, we lived together in the spirit world. For we were spirits then. We did not have bodies of flesh and blood and bones like these we have now; but we had spiritual bodies, or bodies of spirit. Of course, spirit is made of some kind

of matter, too, but it is so fine that we cannot feel it or see it. And so our spirits lived together in a spirit-world long before we came to the earth to take bodies of flesh. Yet, even at that far-away time, we were all longing for the day when these other bodies should be given us.

Now, in the very beginning, before the earth was formed or fashioned at all—so says this wonderful old story—God the Father came down among the many spirits in the spirit world. He looked very much like the spirits in form and shape, yet he was very different from them; for he had a body of flesh and bones. He was clothed in a long, flowing garment down to the feet, which was bound about the breast with a golden girdle. His hair was as white as driven snow. His face shone with a brightness greater than that of the noonday sun; and His eyes were like a flame of fire. When He spoke, His voice was soft and pleasant above all other sounds; yet it was strong and piercing, like the sound of rushing waters. And the Lord God called a great meeting of the spirits, and commanded that they should come from all parts of heaven to hold council together. Of course, all the spirits heard the command and made ready to come. So there appeared at the meeting, Emmanuel, the Son of God, who was afterwards to be known as Jesus;

and Lucifer, the Son of the Morning; and Gabriel, or Noah, the Builder of the Ark; and Raphael, the Archangel of God; and all the other sons and daughters of God, who were soon to shout for joy when the earth should be made. It was a great and wonderful audience. I am sure you have never seen a picture half so noble and inspiring: no poet on earth can describe it; nor can human artist paint it. Far and near, around the throne of God, they stood, a countless multitude of spirits. And as God stood in the midst of them, and looked out upon them, He was pleased; for most of those spirits were good, and many were great and noble.

The great and the noble ones stood near the Lord God Himself. They were the spirits of Jesus and Noah, and Abraham and Moses, and Jeremiah and John, and Joseph and Hyrum, and many another good man whose delight has been to serve the Lord. And as God looked upon them, He was even more pleased than before, and declared, "These I will make my rulers."

Then He turned to those who were with Him and said, "Come, let us go down and take of the matter floating in space, and make an earth on which these spirits may dwell. For here in the spirit world they must no longer remain. Here they have advanced as far as they can. Let them now take bodies of flesh, and pass through the experiences of mortal life, that they may become like us, even gods, and gain eternal life. And we will test them in this way, to see if they will do all the things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them. Those who do well and keep pure from sin in the spirit-state shall have honor and glory added to them; and those who do well in the mortal

state on earth shall have honor and glory added upon their heads forever and ever."

In this way did the Lord God speak to the spirits assembled in heaven. And when the spirits heard what God would do for them, they burst out in mighty singing. For they were glad that an earth was to be made for them; they were glad that they might go there to receive bodies of flesh; they were glad that they might gain experience there, and knowledge, and become like God. So all the sons of God shouted for joy, and the multitude of spirits sang together, because of this splendid plan of the Father, by which they might become great men and women.

But now the Lord God, who knows all things, looked into the future and saw that, when man should be left alone upon the earth, he would be led by the Enemy of man to do evil, and would sin, and would turn aside from the way of the Lord. Then death would come to man. His body would be buried in the ground, and he would be shut out from the presence of God forever if nothing were done to save him. But what could be done to save him? If man breaks a commandment of God, he must pay the penalty. It can not be turned aside. Every one of us must some day pay for the wrong he has done; and so when man should come to the earth, and should sin, he, too, must pay for that sin. He must die.

When God turned to the rejoicing host of spirits and revealed to them what he saw in the future, their joy was turned to sorrow, and their singing to weeping. For they were anxious to go to the earth; but they were anxious, also, to return again to their Father. Indeed, they *must* do both; they must go to the earth

to secure bodies of flesh; and they must return to the Father to receive eternal life. And to return to the Father, the bands of death must be broken!

For a moment there was awful silence in the council of spirits. At the very moment of greatest happiness came the shock of utter despair. To the anxious spirits there shone through the darkness no hope of returning again to the Father with their bodies of flesh. Then the Lord God spoke. "Let not your hearts be overcome with fear," he said, "nor doubt that the plan of the Lord God shall be accomplished. The fall of man has been foreseen, and his redemption has been provided for. One of the great and noble spirits shall be sent to live on the earth a sinless life. Through the love and mercy of God this Noble One shall take upon himself the sin of the world, and shall give his own pure life as a sacrifice for that sin. He shall pay the penalty for breaking the commandment of God, and shall overcome the power of death. Then the bands of death shall be broken. Then the state of death shall no longer last forever; but though man die, yet shall he be raised from death and be brought back to God to live forever. But," he added, "whom shall I send to save man from eternal death?"

Again there was silence in the council of spirits. Each one looked at the other and wondered which one would be so nobly unselfish as to sacrifice himself for the good of the rest. Then one of the great ones—yes, the greatest one, Emmanuel, the Son of God—stepped forth with stately grace and said, "Here am I, Father, send me. I will lay down my life to save these Thy children. I will teach them the Gospel, and lead them back to Thee

in love. Not one shall be compelled to believe; not one shall be forced to come. And all the glory, Father, shall be Thine forever."

Then a mighty hosanna rent the clear air of heaven. The great throng of happy spirits swung back and forth and rose and fell, like the rolling waters of the deep. "A Savior; a Savior!" they cried from rank to rank, "Our elder brother, Emmanuel, will be our Savior, and redeem us from the sin of our new world." The great shout rang out again and again, as the innumerable multitude gave voice to its joy.

While yet the joyful spirits were shouting praises to their Savior, with ever-growing enthusiasm, there strode forth from near the throne of God another of the great and noble ones. He was a spirit of strength and power, but from his eyes shone only the light of pride and selfishness. As he raised his hand and looked in a commanding way over the great multitude, a deep, expectant hush fell upon it. Then Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, turned to the Lord God and cried in proud and haughty tones, "Behold me, Father, send me. I will be thy son. I will save every man who shall go to the new earth. Not one soul shall be lost. But, Father, I want all Thy honor and Thy glory for myself forever."

When the proud Son of the Morning ceased speaking, the silence in the great council became so intense that it could almost be felt. The spirits looked from one to the other in wondering surprise. They seemed unable at first wholly to grasp the meaning of Lucifer's words. The insolent pride and the selfishness of it all overcame them. Then slowly a murmur began to rise, as the great congregation began to understand what this second

volunteer meant. "He wants to save us whether we will or not," the spirits whispered one to another; "he wants to take away from us our rights and force us back into heaven. Yes, and what is worse than that, he wants to make himself God. He wants to take away from Father His honor and His glory." And thus, with growing indignation, the spirits expressed their disapproval of Lucifer's suggestion.

Meanwhile, the Lord God looked sorrowfully at Lucifer, the proud

decision in clear and ringing tones: "I will send the first," He said, "for He does not wish to take away from man the right which I have given him to do good or evil as he may choose. Neither does He wish to rob me of my honor and my glory."

Then Lucifer became angry, and rebelled against the Almighty. Most of the spirits knew that the judgment of God was right. But one-third of the host of heaven followed Lucifer; and these he ordered in



THE STAR THAT LED THE WAY.

and selfish Son of the Morning. He, too, was deeply pained by Lucifer's suggestion, and disapproved of it. While the spirits were murmuring among themselves, the Father rose slowly from His throne, and commanding silence with but a look of His piercing eye, He gave forth His

battle array, and led against the armies of heaven. The battle that followed was long and fierce. Lucifer fought like one who knew that defeat would mean eternal banishment. But Michael, or Adam, the Ancient of Days, led the faithful armies of the Almighty; and by and

by he overthrew Lucifer and his rebellious forces, and cast them far away out of heaven. Far, far down did they fall, to the lower regions of hell. There Lucifer became Satan, or the Devil, the father of lies. And from that time forth he has made it his special mission to blind and to deceive men, and to lead them

away from God that they may not listen to His voice.

But Emmanuel, the Son of God, —whom we now know as Jesus— became from that time forth the Anointed One, the Savior of the world. That is how Jesus came to be the Christ.

The Olden Story.

Mrs. J. Spragenberg.

Do you know the olden story
Of the Star that led the way,
When the wise men sought the Infant
That in Bethlehem's manger lay?
In the east it shone so brightly,
Then o'er Judea's hillside steep,
Where the shepherds lay in slumber
By their flocks of quiet sheep.

Have you heard how angel voices
Sang the sweet and solemn strain?
Glory in the highest! Glory!
Peace on earth, good will to men!
Every year the wondrous story
Thrills our spirits with delight,
And that star through all the ages
Makes the world's dark pathway bright.

Regina's Happiest Christmas.

By Katie Grover.

Regina lived in the big house on the hill, and had everything that money could buy; but then there are lots of things that money cannot buy. Regina would have gladly given up her beautiful home, her dolls, and books, and pretty clothes in exchange for that which to her seemed the finest thing in the world—and that was a baby brother or sister.

On the afternoon before Christmas Regina stood by the hall window wistfully watching a crowd of children who were having a jolly time coasting down the big hill, on an old schooner.

"How I would love to try it once," sighed lonely little Regina, pressing her nose against the cold pane, "and how nice it would be to have a lot of brothers and sisters like the Browns. They are awful poor, I guess, and live in a tiny old house; but they are always happy and jolly. They can play outdoors all the time, and wear their old clothes. That's much nicer than always being dressed up, and staying in the house with no one to talk to but make-believe people."

She ran to the door and softly opened it, that she might get a better view of the rosy, laughing children. Suddenly, there on the porch, right at her feet, Regina saw something which brought the greatest thrill of joy she had ever known. In an old telescope basket lay a lovely babe, fast asleep, nestled in the folds of a gay blanket.

Regina gave a glad little cry, then sank on her knees beside the basket, whereupon baby opened a pair of bright blue eyes, and smiled sweetly.

"O you pretty thing. Did God send you to me? I prayed for Him to, but I was afraid it was asking too much. You dear little treasure let me show you to mother."

"Regina, come in out of the cold," called her mother, from the sitting-room. "I can feel that draught from here. Come in, dear."

"Mother, see what I have found," and the little girl staggered into the room with the heavy baby, dragging the blanket behind. Next minute the pretty, though dreadfully dirty baby in its still dirtier clothes was lying on the silken lap of a beautiful woman.

"Regina, where did you get this?" she demanded, sharply. "Call Annie to come and take it away. My gown will be ruined."

"Mother, it was on the doorstep," faltered the child, tears in her voice and eyes, "and it's mine—mine; God sent it. I asked Him to, and He remembered me."

Annie came and lifted the baby into a big Morris chair. Baby did not like the change, but when Regina would have kissed and comforted the little soul, her mother would not allow it.

"No, you must not touch it again until it is clean," she said. "No telling where it came from or what germs may be in those soiled clothes. It will have to be disinfected first."

"Likewise sterilized and made antiseptic," called a merry voice from the doorway; and Regina's tears vanished as she ran and clung to her father's arm.

"Father, see my baby, which I found on the doorstep. May I keep it?"

She led him to the cooing baby, and he patted its golden head; then baby reached up, and, grabbing his hand, tried to guide one of his large fingers up to her tiny rosebud mouth.

"She is hungry, poor little thing," said Mr. Dayton. "Isn't she pretty? She has real hair, too. But, little girlie, I don't see how you are going to manage this new plaything."

"It is all nonsense to think of such a thing," said her mother. "Who wants to be bothered with the care of a strange baby. Regina, you are never satisfied. It was only a month ago that I got you a Japanese poodle, and paid fifty dollars for it."

"Mother, wouldn't they take the poodle back and give us the money? Then we could spend it on the baby, and besides she can have what you would spend on me, because I have so much now that I don't need anything more."

"Let her keep it," coaxed her father, whose heart had so often ached in sympathy with the loneliness of his little girl. "I'll hire a nurse, and we'll never miss what we spend on this little creature. Dear wife, think if it was our little Regina who had been put on somebodys' doorstep on Christmas eve?"

"Don't imagine such a cruel thing," said Regina's mother, with a shudder. "Very well, we will keep the baby, but Annie must take it upstairs until the nurse comes. The Japanese poodle would be much less trouble than a baby; but then it would be cruel to send the little thing away."

Mr. Dayton himself tenderly carried the sleepy and hungry baby upstairs, with Annie and Regina close behind.

"Father, when Santa Claus comes tonight," Regina whispered in his

ear as he turned to go downstairs, "you tell him that I have my Christmas present, and he can take my share to the Browns at the foot of the hill."

"Let baby sleep with me," she coaxed the nurse later on that night when they were ready for bed. "Please put her on my arm and I'll sing her my own baby song."

"Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watcheth his sheep.
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a beautiful dream on thee.
Sleep, baby sleep."

When her father came up to kiss her good-night, she and the baby lay fast asleep, cuddled up close together.

"You dear little sleeping beauties," said Mr. Dayton, kissing them fondly. "I wish you were both mine."

Christmas morn found Regina up early, patiently waiting for baby to awaken so they could go downstairs together to view the Christmas tree.

"See, she is awake," she said to the nurse. "O, all night I could hardly believe it was true that she was here. I'd wake up and hunt for her soft little velvety hand, to be sure it wasn't all just a beautiful dream."

"Hark," said the nurse. "Do you hear the door bell? Who can be coming so early this morning?"

"Perhaps it is Santa Claus just getting here," cried Regina, running out into the hall and looking down below.

"We've come back for our baby," smote on her ears, and in the hall below stood the six Brown children, all crying and speaking at once.

"We want our baby. We left her here last night to stay, but when

ma came she cried all night, so we had to tell her, and now we all want her back."

Regina's little face looked very white and sad as she ran down the stairs.

"Whiv did you bring the baby here?" she demanded, excitedly, "only to disappoint me by taking her away again? O, I can't let her go."

"We wanted you to have her," said Jessie Brown, the oldest of the children, "'cause you looked so lonesome and we was tired of tending her. Ma sews,, and she never got home till late, and she didn't miss the baby till in the night. Then we all cried all night—"

"And we'll never give our baby away again," said Tommy Brown, "so you just hand her over, quick."

Regina took them upstairs, and when they saw the baby, so rosy and sweet, they nearly smothered her with kisses. She was as delighted as they and held out her chubby arms, saying coaxingly:

"Ta—mam—mam—mam."

"Yes, we'll take you to mam," said little Julia Brown, "and we'll never get tired of you again, no we won't."

The night before Regina had laid out her best doll's prettiest clothes

for baby to wear on Christmas day, and now she had nurse put them all on just the same, even to the white embroidered shoes, and the gold chain and locket. The Brown children looked on in amazement and delight.

"Aain't she cute? O, the darling! And to think we nearly gave her



PREPARING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

away," they kept repeating.

By this time Regina's father and mother had appeared. In the excitement of helping to dress baby, the little girl had forgotten her loss, but when they all went downstairs, and baby was kissed and hugged

for the last time, it was hard to be brave any longer.

"O, I hate to see you go, my baby," cried Regina.

"Ta," said baby, as the Brown children started down the steps with her, then smiling at Jessie, "Mam-mam?" she enquired in her baby language.

"Come in and see your Christmas tree, dear," said Mrs. Dayton, turning to her lonely little girl, who stood looking after the baby with tearful eyes.

"In a little while," Regina answered, tearfully, as she ran upstairs to have a cry all by herself.

"A fine Christmas for the poor darling," said her father, and next thing he had on his overcoat and hat.

"Frank, where are you going?" asked his wife, with a worried look.

"To the Orphan's Home to get a dozen babies for that poor child, if they will let them go."

"O, Frank, how ridiculous! Come in here," and she drew him into the parlor and put her arms about his neck. "Dearest, can't we pray to our heavenly Father to give us a little baby all our own for another Christmas?"

"Angeline, my wife, why of course! And I know He will hear our prayer, if we go to Him like little children."

"Then it will be a Christmas gift," she smiled.

Regina was called, and she came down with the poodle in her arms.

"I've tried to love him and pretend he was as nice as a baby," she sobbed, putting the dog down in disgust, "but he isn't and I can't even make-believe he is."

"Listen, dear; we have something to tell you," said her father, taking her upon his lap and whispering in her ear.

"Oh! oh!" cried the little girl. "A really true baby all our own, which no one can take away? Then God will hear my prayer."

"Yes, darling, and He will hear ours, too," said her father, with a smile.

"Mother, may I go and ask the Brown children to eat Christmas dinner with us today and give them each one of the presents on the tree? And please let me sell the poodle back and get the Brown baby a go-cart and some clothes with the money."

Her father and mother looked at each other, then they both kissed her.

"You have the true Christmas spirit, dearest child," said her mother, thinking how selfish her own life had been. "Well, run along and bring the whole Brown family—the mother, too."

"O, what a beautiful Christmas," cried Regina, clapping her hands, and dancing up and down. "It will be the happiest Christmas we ever had. I just wish we could have all the poor little children in the city here. Some time we will, won't we?"

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John 15: 13.

What Santa Claus Brought.

A Little Girl's Christmas Story.

By R. A. A. R.

It was the night before Christmas. A great stream of light shone out over the street from the windows of the village store. The holiday freight, long delayed by a snow storm, had got in only the day before, and everybody had been rushing to see the Christmas goods since then. Now the people were coming faster than ever, and the store was crowded. Grace, her papa, mamma, and the baby were just going in.

"I want to see the dolls," said Grace, pulling away from her father's hand. The store was owned by her grandpa, and she knew well enough where the dolls would be found. But she was so little that it was some time before she could get "through the big folks" to the counter, where, by catching hold of the edge, she could raise herself on tiptoe high enough to get a look at the boxes of dolls.

Her eyes grew bigger and bigger, filled with the sight before her. There were large dolls behind the counter whose beautiful faces and lovely hair were all that could be seen of them. But oh, dear me! "the prettiest, cutest, nicest" of all were some small wax dolls above them. Some had blue eyes and dark hair, and some had blue eyes and light hair; all had dainty pink cheeks and smiling mouths. Their clothes were the prettiest ever—red, and blue, and pink, trimmed with lace and bright braid. Their silken bonnets were all turned up in front, and their slippers had buckles and bows. They appeared to be jointed dolls, then they could sit

down. Maybe they could cry or say "mamma," or, at least, shut their eyes to go to sleep.

Grandpa was so very busy, and his eye sight was very poor, or he would have seen Grace's eager eyes and little pug nose sticking up above the counter. As it was, she was quite forgotten, and she couldn't get to ask him if Santa Claus would get any of those pretty wax dolls for the stockings before they were all sold, though she wanted so much to do so. What if Santa Claus should not bring her one anyhow. There were some little dolls with china heads and cloth bodies, not dressed, piled up on the shelf. He might bring her one like those. Oh! if papa would only buy her one of the wax ones now so she would be sure to have it. She couldn't tell which she wished for most—one with dark hair and a pink dress, or a light-haired one with a blue dress. But here came papa to say they must go. She had to take his hand and go out of the light, over the big bridge, and into the dark. She looked longingly back at the bright store, wishing she could stay a long time.

"Papa, will you buy me one of those prettiest dolls?" she asked, timidly.

"It's Christmas eve tonight. Wait till morning, and see what Santa Claus brings," said papa.

"But he might bring me one of those ugly little china-headed dolls instead of a pretty one with real hair and little slippers."

"But, Gracie," her mamma said, "those wax dolls will soon be spoil-

ed, and their jointed legs come apart, while the china-headed ones will last a long time."

"Well, the dresses"—Grace began.

"Now, you just wait, and let Santa Claus settle it for you. His

plied. "But whatever it is, you must try to be satisfied, for he knows best what you will like."

"I will, mamma," cried Grace, as she drew the covers snug over her, "and now I want to go right to sleep, so morning will come quick."

Morning did, indeed, come almost before Grace knew it. She opened her eyes just when the darkness was clearing away enough so she could make out the blurry outlines of the big clothes horse and a chair close by. Her stocking was hung at the foot of the bed. She felt sure it was full of something good. She could imagine some chocolate candy in her mouth already. She would lie a little longer till it grew lighter, and then get up and see. If she could but hear papa or mamma she would get up now. But there was no sound to be heard except the low tick-tock of the clock in the other room. And ough! it was cold enough to freeze her if she put even her arms out of the covers. So slowly the darkness faded away, she could hardly wait. But as soon as she could distin-



OLD SANTA CLAUS.

guish her dresses from baby's on the clothes horse, she raised her head. There hung her stockings, but they were not very full. But what was that beside them? Never minding the cold now, she sat right up, and reached the stockings and the—the—yes, it was a little broom. Oh! and just her size. The han-

judgment is best," interposed papa, decisively.

So Grace could not talk about it any more that night. When bedtime came soon after, she said to her mamma, "Well, Santa Claus always brings me something nice, and I think he will tonight, don't you?"

"Yes, I think so," her mother re-

plied. "But whatever it is, you must try to be satisfied, for he knows best what you will like."

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dle looked to be blue or green. Eagerly her hand went into the stocking. Something hard—oh, dear! a china-headed doll! Out it came, but Grace's frown changed to a smile. For it was just as cute as could be in a brown figured dress, ruffled and embroidered. Grace hugged it close. "You dear little dolly," she murmured, "you look like a real little girl, and you're just as nice as the wax dolls."

The rest of that stocking contained nuts and candy, which Grace began to eat.

At that moment, the door opened and papa's head appeared.

"I thought I heard some papers rattling," he said, as he saw her sitting there in her night gown.

"Oh, papa," cried Grace, "Santa

Claus has brought me a little green broom, just my size, and the prettiest doll, and candy and nuts, and—and—" she said, diving her hand into the other stocking, "a Mother Goose book, and oh! a big orange and why! it's a new dress, I do believe, with flowers in. I can sweep with my new broom and tend the baby for mamma while she sews it."

"Well, you'd better lie down and get warm while I make a fire," said papa.

Grace lay down with her precious doll beside her.

"Mamma," she called. "Old Santa Claus did know best, I think. Do you like Maybelle for a doll's name? I want to name my dolly that."

A Christmas Thought.

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share, with another's need,—
 Not that which we give, but what we share,—
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

James Russell Lowell.



Suggestions for Christmas.

By Rose H. Widtsoe.

What a happy time Christmas is! In every part of this great world where Christians live, Christmas is the greatest day in the year. On that day we celebrate the birth of our Savior. Think what he did for us! In the greatness and goodness of his soul he offered up his life to atone for the great sin of man. He gave up his life that we might have joy. Then let us keep the Christmas spirit burning in our hearts and never allow ourselves to dread the coming of this great day.

Christmas worship is in many cases giving place to Christmas jollity. There should be a combination of worship and jollity. We should remember the day and what it stands for. In many countries the Christ-sermon is the chief event of the day. Where we do not have the privilege of attending a Christmas service, let us listen at home to a good story of our Savior and give thanks to Him for all the blessings that we enjoy.

The younger members of the family think most of the Christmas tree, the Christmas dinner and the other Christmas joys that the oc-

casion brings. Christmas is certainly a time for giving and receiving, but this is not really the true spirit of the day. Let us this year try to confine our giving within our means, so that Christmas will not be a burden because of its bills.

Christmas is and should be a merry day for the children. Children live wholly in the glorious present so, be our hearts light or heavy, let us one and all endeavor to make the day gladsome in remembrance of the dear Christ Child. A few suggestions will be given to aid in the preparation for this great day.

First of all comes the decoration of the Christmas room and the Christmas tree. Weeks before, the evergreen chains may be made. Very strong chord or better, a small sized rope is needed. Onto this rope sprigs of evergreen are tied by means of small cord. These ever-green chains may be carried from each corner of the room to the center and if more is desired, festoon it over the doors and windows. Finish the decoration with

Christmas bells. The largest bell should be hung in the center at the union of the evergreen chains.

Then come the Christmas tree decorations. There are many ways in which a tree may be decorated.

A BABY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

The color scheme should be white and silver. White tarlatan stockings may be buttonholed around the top with silver cord, such as confectioners use to tie candy boxes. All the parcels should be wrapped in white tissue paper, and tied with silver cord.

Each tiny sprig of the tree should be tipped with a pop corn flake, fastened on with a pin. It takes many pins to snowflake the tree, but the effect is very beautiful, and pays for the trouble.

Silvered English walnuts may be hung here and there suspended by a silver cord. A beautiful silver star should crown the tree, and silver tinsel should be bountifully sprinkled over the tree. All the candles must be white. There may be also quantities of smaller silver stars and silver paper chains interlaced, kindergarten fashion. The little bright balls, known as electric sparklers, may also be used. The tree will be pronounced a thing of beauty by all who see it.

A LARGE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It would not be well to trim a tree for older children in this way, as it would be an endless task to tip the sprigs of a large tree with pop-corn. Usually the children enjoy making paper chains, pop-corn and cranberry chains, paper flowers, and baskets. Common boxes may be made beautiful by trimming with tissue paper, and may then be used to put presents in.

There are many beautiful Christ-

mas tree decorations and if these are handled carefully and preserved year after year it will not be a very great expense to decorate the time-honored Christmas tree.

The great danger in having a Christmas tree is in using candles. There have been many serious accidents from fires started by them. Santa Claus should be careful. His costume is such that it would easily catch fire and burn rapidly. The ideal way of lighting the Christmas tree is by means of small electric lights. The wire may be twined in and out between branches of the tree. Colored globes may be procured. This is rather expensive at first, but will last many years.

CHRISTMAS TABLE DECORATIONS.

A five-pointed star made from holly and evergreen is a table centerpiece always satisfactory. From this a red ribbon may run to each plate, and be attached to a bell-shaped place card. Over the table suspend by red ribbons red tissue-paper bells or a chime of gilt and silver bells. For example, overhead are eight bells, four of red and four of green, with scarlet ribbon interlaced between. Three wreaths of holly with red candles grace the table. Gilt stars are the candy boxes, and Santa Claus figures hold the salted almonds. The decoration may be carried out further in the menu:

Canapes, star-shaped; cold turkey garnished with stars cut from beets and carrots; fruit salad served in holly wreaths; ice cream in bell-shaped molds; holly decorated cakes.

THE CHRISTMAS BARREL.

In a family where there are no children, and none to be borrowed from near relatives, a Christmas

tree would hardly be desired. A novel way of distributing presents is to have a Christmas barrel. A barrel may be lined with cheap cloth and covered with red crepe paper and decorated with red ribbon and evergreens. The day before Christmas the barrel is placed in the reception hall. All the members of the family place their presents therein. At breakfast it may be rolled into the dining-room and the contents disclosed by one whose lot it is to perform the pleasant task. This honor can be determined by the use of two candy canes, one long, one short; the one getting the long one acts as Santa Claus. This is not much trouble, and is certainly more interesting than just the ordinary way of giving things.

CHRISTMAS INVITATIONS.

Send Christmas invitations written on little red stockings, enclosed in an ordinary envelope, with this jingle written in white ink:

"At the sign of the stocking warm and bright,
We'll expect you sure on Christmas night;
The hour is six, so don't be late,
A good time's coming; for you we wait."

Hang a big red stocking in the window with a light behind it, and the "sign" will be visible for blocks.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

In the center of the room place a large Christmas pie, made out of a washtub. The outside of the tub may be covered with red cloth or red paper. The presents should be put in and covered with bran or sawdust. A ribbon should be attached to each package, and the other end weighted with a red, highly

polished apple, resting on the floor, with the name of the guest fastened to it with a toothpick.

The top of the pie should be covered with greens in which is planted a small tree, either real or artificial, for each guest. The fun begins when the hostess tells them to "go to the forest and bring home a Christmas tree." Each child finds his name tied to the branches of a tree, pulls it up, and, tied to the bottom, he finds a daintily done-up tissue-paper package.

After these gifts are examined, at a given signal each takes an apple and the pie is pulled bringing out some little trinket. Attached to each token is a little jingle, describing a member of the party, who, when found, is to be the supper partner.

A HOLLY AND MISTLETOE GAME.

Provide green and red ribbons of about two inches in width, divide the party into sides, giving one side red, and the other green streamers. Those holding red are holly, those holding green are mistletoe. One person holds the ends of all the ribbons in his hand; each child holds the end of a single ribbon. Form a circle with the ribbon radiating from the center like the spokes of a wheel. The test is this: When the leader calls, "All holly let go" they must hold on tight, while the mistletoe drop their ribbons; and when the command is, "Let go mistletoe," the hollies must obey. The ones who fail to do the reverse of the command are required to pay a forfeit; recite, sing, draw a picture, or do something amusing. Paying the penalties may be made a very entertaining feature of an evening's fun.

A Queer Christmas Tree.

The little Victor's Christmas tree was to be put off a month—a whole month! Leslie got the almanac and reckoned the days.

"Six more in December and twenty-five in January—that's thirty-one days," she sighed. "O, Elmer Cecil Victor, do you b'lieve we can wait thirty-one more days? Don't you feel most certain it will kill us?"

Elmer Cecil straightened his little slight figure and regarded Leslie sternly.

"I guess you've forgotten Marjorie," was all he said.

Ah, Marjorie! Yes, for one wee minute Leslie had forgotten patient, crippled Marjorie.

"Oh," she cried in swift remorse, "of course we want to wait for Marjorie! We couldn't have a Christmas tree without Marjorie—not if it wasn't till the Fourth of July!"

Marjorie was the smallest Victor of all, and just now she was lying in a bit of a white bed in the hospital, "being cured." It had taken a long tedious while—it would take another month still, the doctors said. But then—then—they hoped to send the little girl home without her crutches. That was worth waiting "most forever for," Elmer said.

And "O, yes, indeed!" echoed Leslie, fervently. It was dreadful to think she had forgotten Marjorie.

The children stood at the nursery windows; Elmer Cecil and Leslie at one, and the twin Victors at the other. All their little round faces were graver than usual, on the day before Christmas. Mother was away with Marjorie, and—well, who could look quite so merry over a put-off Christmas? Thirty-one days, when you count them on your fin-

gers, go round so many times!

A flock of little English sparrows fluttered down to the snow outside the windows and hopped about a little disconsolately. They did not look very happy, either.

"I guess they're looking for some crumbs, that's what I guess," Elmer Cecil said, suddenly. And in an instant all the little Victor feet were scurrying through the hall, to Nora, for sparrow bread. They crumbled it over the snow in inviting little piles.

"Come back, little sparrow birds, come!" chirruped Leslie. "Here's a beautiful dinner for you! The table is all set—come, come, come, little sparrow birds!"

And by-and-by, when the children had gone back to the windows to watch, they came. How eager and excited they were, nudging each other's elbows and stepping on each other's toes! And how they chattered and chirped in their sweet little voices.

"There comes a snow-bunting—two, three snow-buntings!" cried Elmer Cecil. "They're hungry, too. Poor little birds, I should think they'd starve to death! Aunt Janie!" He whirled on his toes and faced Aunt Janie with an anxious little face. "Aunt Janie, do they starve—the birdies, you know? There isn't a single thing for them to eat but snow—not a single thing!"

Aunt Janie slipped away her work and came to the window. She put one hand on Elmer Cecil's shoulder, and how it made him straighten up stoutly. That was the way grandma leaned on papa's shoulder!

"Starve? Not a bit of it! Open the window and ask them," cried

Auntie, cheerily. "Ask that little fat brown fellow what he had for breakfast. Three courses as likely as not! First a few nibbles of a frozen apple, in the orchard; then a course of weed seeds, peeping up out of the snow beside the road, and for dessert, very likely, a few mountain-ash berries. Do you call that starving?"

"My, no!" laughed four little Victors, in chorus.

"Neither do I. The little cedar-birds eat cedar berries and tiny maple-buds, and nuthatches hunt for hickory nuts."

"But there's Blinker, Aunt Janie—what does Blinker eat?" Leslie asked, earnestly. Blinker was the little red owl that dozed all day long in the apple-tree trunk, beyond the stone wall.

"Oh, Blinker—well, I'm afraid—" Aunt Jane looked sober—"I'm afraid Blinker is a cannibal. The little chickadees and sparrows could tell you what he eats. And, besides, he is extravagantly fond of little field mice—dozy, sly old Blinker!"

That night after the stockings were hung—for there were going to be stockings, if not a tree—Elmer Cecil lay awake "thinking up" the most beautiful plan. It popped into his mind like a beautiful inspiration, and how it did surprise him!

"Why, of course!" he cried, softly. "It'll be beautiful! It'll be a Christmas tree, after all. We'll take the little mulberry tree for it—oh, yes, and there'll be apples to put on

—not old frozen apples, but shiny, soft ones—and cracked nuts and seed cookies and bones—" Elmer Cecil laughed aloud in the dark—bones seemed such funny things to hang on a christmas tree! But Auntie had said the downy woodpeckers and their own cousins, the nuthatches, liked bones to pick.

"And we'll hang on some ears o' corn for the crows—we won't leave the crows out," Elmer Cecil murmured drowsily as he finally went off to sleep.

The next afternoon there was the queerest—and dearest, Aunt Janie said—Christmas tree, out in the front yard. It was the little mulberry tree, bravely decked out for the birds. There were shiny red apples—there were seed cookies and ears of corn—and nuts cracked and all ready to peck. There were mountain-ash berries and bits of crisp, crumbly bread—and bones!

The whole little tree bristled and bridled with its queer fruit, rustling its little dry branches as if it were whispering "Bless my soul!" to itself. To be sure it was a queer little, dear little, Christmas tree! But it suited the snow-buntings and the cedar-birds, and the sparrows. And the nuthatches and the woodpeckers liked it. Only Blinker dozed unconcernedly all Christmas day long.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!", called all the little Victors, softly, through the window panes.

"Merry Christmas!" chirped back the little birds, gratefully.





JOSEPH SMITH, OUR PROPHET.

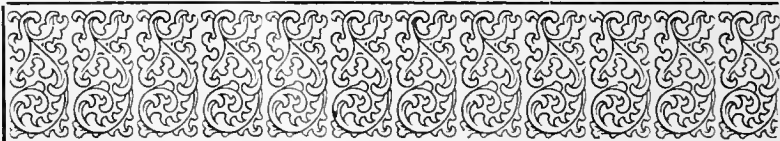
By Annie Malin.



He came to earth, our Prophet dear,
The Holy Gospel to restore;
He came, and angels hovered near,
Appearing to him o'er and o'er.
The Lord had sent him from the skies
A heavenly mission to fulfill;
He came to find the sacred prize
Hid in Cumorah's lonely hill.

He came, and Saints rose up to hear
The heavenly message he had brought;
The world shall yet his name revere,
And shall accept the truths he taught.
He boldly strove God's word to teach,
And to obey his full command,
To every nation it shall reach,
And firm and mighty it shall stand.

Then let the Saints of latter days
Unfurl his standard to the world,
The highest tribute to him raise
Till hate and envy down are hurled.
The Savior died that we might live,
The Prophet died to prove his worth;
Both love and reverence we will give,
And bless the day of Joseph's birth.





JOSEPH SMITH,
The Prophet of the Last Dispensation.

Short Stories from Church History.

By John Henry Evans.

XX.

LOVING THE DARKNESS.

You couldn't see your hand before you—it was so dark. And yet somebody was abroad.

"He lives at our house," came from a man who, to judge by the tone of his voice, was anxious his words should not go far.

There was a noise of men walking, many of them.

"Stop, boys!" said another man, in a loud whisper. "Don't go there now! Let's stay here for a minute to see how it's to be done. Joe Smith's a powerful man, strong as an ox, and springy as a panther."

"Joe Smith powerful!" almost roared a third. "I'll bet a hundred dollars I c'n carry him out m'self."

At this several laughed in a muffled undertone. They would have liked to laugh uproariously.

"Don't doubt your word about carrying Smith out," said somebody. "'cause you're known to be the strongest man in Ohio. But I'll bet, Waste, you ain't seen a hundred dollars in your life!"

"Come, come!" persuaded the man who had called a halt, "we haven't time to lose in betting. Let's get down to business, fellows."

The men collected in a group. Someone drew from under his coat a dark lantern, removing the slide. It then appeared that there were between twenty and thirty men, each wearing a mask.

"Say, Booth," are we goin' to take Rigdon, too?" This was Waste's voice.

Booth! Aha! And so Ezra Booth, the apostate, was here lead-

ing this band of men into some mischief against the Prophet Joseph! You know, Booth was at one time a Campbellite minister. When he saw Mrs. Johnson's rheumatic arm, which had been useless for two years, healed under the administration of the Prophet, he joined the Church. Then, because Joseph would not ask the Lord to give Booth power to smite those who would not receive his testimony, he left the Saints, becoming very bitter. And this was his revenge!

"Sure!" he said, in answer to Waste's question. "Rigdon's about as bad an egg as Smith. That means," Booth continued, "that we've got to divide our party."

The preacher-chief reflected a moment.

"Ryder," he went on, "you'd better take twelve or fifteen of the boys and go to Rigdon's. Bring him here to this place; this is where the fun'll be."

The person spoken to was Simonds Ryder, another apostate and former Campbellite preacher. He, too, had been converted and had left the Church for a reason even more foolish than Booth's. He assented to his commission cheerfully, as if he enjoyed the responsibility.

Turning to another man, Booth inquired: "Doc, did you bring that vial?"

"No," was the reply, "but I can get it in two shakes!"

"Eli'd better go with Ryder to Rigdon's to get some feathers. He's got some good ones in his pillow. I've used it many's the time. Mason's got a bucket of tar and some fine brushes."

"All's well, then boys?" he said, inquiringly; and then without waiting for an answer, he added, "Come on, everybody; but no noise, mind! Johnson, lead the way!"

The men walked on for a few minutes silently. They appeared to be going to a house not far away, from one of whose windows came a rather feeble light, as of a lamp turned down. A few rods farther brought them near it. They paused.

"Johnson," whispered Booth, "you know this place better'n we do. Suppose you lead some of the boys round to the door to fasten it, while I peep through this window—it's where Smith sleeps, isn't it?"

"Yes," came the almost inaudible response.

Johnson took three men, one of whom had a rope, round the corner. Of course, he knew "this place" better than any one else in that crowd did, for wasn't this his own home? and didn't his own father and mother live here also? He, like Ryder and Booth, had belonged to the Church, but bad company and bad habits were responsible for *his* apostasy.

Booth pressed his face against the window pane. He could see a bed in one corner of the room, in which there was only one person, evidently Emma, Joseph's wife. A baby was by her side. He wondered whether she was asleep. But where was Joseph? He strained his eyes. Ah! there he was stretched out on the trundle bed, the end of which was near the door leading outside. By the larger bed was a cradle in which was another child. Everything was still as death. Was *he* asleep? Booth gently tapped the window, and waited to see if any one stirred.

No one moved. But had he only known, Emma's eyes opened, for she had heard, or imagined she

heard, a noise. The sound not being repeated, she concluded she had been dreaming and shut them again.

Poor woman, she needed sleep badly! And so did Joseph. For both of them had been up a good deal lately taking care of the babies, both of whom were seriously sick with the measles. In the evening, Joseph had told her to retire with one of the children, while he watched the other, and sicker, child. When, however, both babies rested better than usual, Emma had persuaded her husband to lie down on the trundle bed. His clothes were no sooner off than he was sound asleep, so exhausted was he from his long watching.

"All ready, boys!" whispered Booth. But he did not go from the window himself. In an instant the door was broken in and Mason, Waste, and three others rushed at Joseph. Mason grabbed the sleeper by the hair, Waste could only get a leg, the others had the other leg and his two arms. Emma screamed at the top of her voice, waking the children, who imitated the example as well as their fevered throats would permit.

The Prophet did not fully realize what had happened till the men were carrying him through the door. Then he tried to get loose. With a tremendous effort he kicked with the foot that Waste held, and that powerful braggart went sprawling out into the darkness. Waste afterwards confessed that Joseph Smith was the strongest man he ever had hold of in his life.

With threats that they would kill him, the men carried Joseph out, cursing and swearing with every step they took. Waste, recovering from his fall, came up to the Prophet and shook his bloody hand in his face, crying hoarsely:

"I'll fix ye! I'll fix ye!" punctuating his exclamations freely with the vilest oaths.

Someone seized the still struggling man by the throat, whereupon he lost consciousness; and they carried him to the place where they had planned to inflict the torture.

Mr. Johnson, the father of one of the mobbers, when he heard Emma's screams and the scuffling going on in her room, threw on his clothes and started to go out. But he found the door held. The men, however, had not left the place. Mr. Johnson tugged away at the knob, but without avail. Then he called to his wife:

"Bring me the gun, quick!"

This sent the men at the door scurrying off into the darkness. Mr. Johnson hurried after them, but it was too dark for him to see where to go. He ran, however, trusting to find somebody, for he knew that the men must be mobbing the Prophet. Suddenly he ran into the arms of a lone man. There followed a fierce struggle, in which Mr. Johnson received a blow, with a heavy club, on the shoulder blade, breaking it, and barely missing his head. But he would not give up his defense of his leader; and so, when the assailant left him for dead, he got up and ran about for others of the mobbers.

When Joseph came to, he found himself being stripped of all his night clothes by about half a dozen men. Every now and then, however, as the bull's eye glared in a certain direction, he could see the form of a man lying apparently dead, whom he thought to be that of Sidney Rigdon. Brother Rigdon was at Hiram helping him with the inspired revision of the Bible.

And it was Sidney. The party under Ryder had broken into his

house while everyone was asleep. Two men grabbed Brother Rigdon by the feet, dragging him out of the house and over the hard, frozen ground to where Joseph was. They held his legs so high that he could not raise his head, so that his head was lacerated in a frightful manner. When he reached the place where the Prophet had been taken, he, too, was unconscious.

Nor had Eli Johnson neglected his part in this cowardly work. Forgetting at first about the feathers, he rushed back to the house and into the bedroom, grabbed two pillows, and was on the point of going out, when the door slammed in his face and was securely locked. Mrs. Rigdon had at least presence of mind and courage to do this bold act. But it only delayed the thief till he could raise a window and jump through it on to the ground. When he reached the fatal spot, the evil work had already begun.

"Pull off his clothes!" shouted some one.

"Ain't ye goin' to kill 'im? Ain't ye goin' to kill 'im?" cried another, excitedly.

"Yes, kill 'im outright!" yelled several together.

"Nobody'll know who done it!" suggested a third.

"And they'll be glad if they do!" added a fourth.

So the vile work went on; cursing and swearing and blasphemous language!

Joseph had now been stripped naked. Six men held him up horizontally. The rest collected in a group and discussed the situation in an undertone. Poor Sidney Rigdon lay quiet as a dead man on the ground.

There was a division of opinion in the consulting mob. Some were for killing Joseph. Others were for

turning him loose now his clothes were off. A compromise was reached in a decision to tar and feather him. The crowd came back.

"Hold him up! hold him up!" cried Booth. "If he gets a leg down he'll spring away!"

"Where's the tar bucket, Mason?" called a voice. Mason got the bucket and brushes and ladle.

"Let's tar up his mouth!" was someone's diabolical suggestion. And a fiend actually forced the tar-paddle into the Prophet's mouth, crying: "Hold up yer head and let's give ye some tar!"

Here someone tried to force a vial of some liquid into Joseph's mouth, but the glass broke against his teeth. It must have been some deadly drug, for the next morning the broken bottle was found there, the liquid having oozed out and killed the grass.

Another fiend fell to scratching the Prophet's body with his nails, like a wild cat, yelling furiously and expelling the vilest oaths: "That's the way the Holy Ghost falls on folks!"

These unspeakable brutes then be-daubed Joseph with tar from head to foot, afterwards throwing a quantity of feathers over him.

All of a sudden, everybody fled, and quiet and the darkness reigned.

Joseph attempted to rise, but fell again. He pulled the tar away from his lips so as to breathe more freely. Presently he was able to stand. Making his way to one of two lights that beckoned him on, he found it to be from his own home. Being stark naked, he called for a blanket, and when he received it, he went in.

While Joseph and others were

washing off the sticky tar out of his hair and off his skin, John Poor-man, a member of the Church, came in.

"I guess I've killed him! I guess I've killed him!" he exclaimed. You couldn't tell whether he was sorry or glad.

"Killed who?" asked the Prophet.

"Why," was the reply, "I heard a racket over here, and I hurried towards the house; and as I was coming I ran into a man. I had a club with me, and so I gave him a whack over the head. And there he lays now, I guess."

"I'm the one that got your whack. I reckon!" explained Mr. Johnson. And he told of his encounter.

The next morning the Prophet called at Sidney Rigdon's, and found him delirious. He remained in this condition for several days. No one knew who had brought him home but at daylight his wife found him lying, still unconscious, in the yard.

That day being Sunday, Joseph preached at the meeting as usual. A number of the mobocrats were present, but the Prophet made no allusion to the preceding night's episode.

One of the twins died in consequence of exposure due to this mobbing affair. Sidney Rigdon moved from Hiram as soon as he recovered. The Prophet made a second journey to Missouri.

Mason, soon after the attack, had a severe case of spinal affection; Fullars, another mobber, died of cholera, in Cleveland, Ohio; and "Doc" Dennison was subsequently sent to the penitentiary for ten years, where he died before the expiration of his term.

An Old Maid's Christmas Vigil.

As told by her District Teacher.

Edited by Susa Young Gates.

My son had watched the building of the tiny ten by twelve shanty on one of our front streets with growing irritation.

"How are we to build up Zion and make her streets beautiful," he said one day early in December, "if people are allowed to cumber our lovely city with such miserable coops as this?" and he gazed wrathfully at the small flat roof now covering the awkward cot, as we passed on our way to work.

"Houses are not Zion," I said, quietly, "but hearts are Zion, my son. Who knows what lonely old heart will here find shelter?"

My active, hustling, Americanized son merely grunted in reply. What could he know of my own widowed, lonely old life beneath his noisy, aspiring roof-tree?

It was with considerable interest that I saw the small truckload of decrepit furniture halt in front of the small door late one morning soon after our conversation. There was a pitiful air of decayed gentility about the faded square of carpet, the worn, old-fashioned chair-cushions, the shabby chest of drawers and the old wooden single bedstead. But everything was spotlessly clean, and even in transit the bits and ends of house furnishings looked as if they had been ashamed to accumulate so much as a suspicion of dust or disorder. A week later, two small crocheted lace window curtains, themselves old and well-darned as to holes, yet spotless white as to color, swung primly and properly from their inside rods. And to complete my interest there stood upon the one small window-

sill a perfect riot of bloom, from saucy geraniums to staid double petunias.

My business called me out of town, and I did not reach my home till late the day before Christmas. The Bishop was at the telephone as soon as I had stepped into the house, giving me directions as to going the rounds of my neighborhood with small sums of money for the poor and unfortunate amongst us. I salied out directly, studying my list as I stepped gingerly along in the frosty air.

"I do believe that's the number of the tiny new house on the street just above," I said to myself, as the name of "Sister Anne Borg" stared at me from my paper. "And she must be from my own beautiful Denmark." And it was so.

My knock at the small door on the small wall of the small house brought to the door a very small old lady, her fine old nose with its one-time line of distinction giving the faded eyes and sunken mouth an air of birth and breeding. The dark hair was banded closely down over the small ears in the fashion of fifty years ago, and the dark dress of no particular fashion was emphasized by the quaint silver broach which held the crocheted collar in place.

"Will you come in?" asked the soft thin voice.

As I sat down in front of the tiny polished cook stove, my eyes caught the pure spotlessness of the bed and curtains, the quaint chest of drawers, and each bit of household furniture, now decorously placed in proper relation to each other and to the eternal fitness of things domestic.

An old print of Helsingor in the north of Sjælland, the main island of Denmark, washed by impossible-looking waves, was hung with festoons over the chest of drawers. Below it a quaint silver vase held red and purple blooms of geraniums and petunia. There was an air of Christmas remembrance about the whole small interior.

"You are from Denmark," my tiny hostess said, "will you use our own dear language?"

"No," she said, plaintively, in answer to my question, her very tones breathing the patient bravery of that common-place which stills the heart-beats of passionate longing and fills the crevices of winter with the dead leaves of forgotten hopes and buried loves. "I have never married. I am seventy-five years old. But I have never married."

When questioned as to the necessity of the sealing ordinance, she looked me very frankly in the eyes, her own dark with the tragedy of forty years' brooding in their depths as she said simply, "Oh, my Father will take care of me. I have always done my duty, and kept myself pure and clean, and He will not see me lack for any blessing when I get into His presence."

Her sublime faith moved me deeply. The sweet old voice went calmly on:

"I loved a man once, in the old country. Do you see the picture of Helsingor?" And then, my keen sympathy and the fact of a common birthplace opening the locked door of that tender old heart, I entered into her vision and saw the shadowy procession of a romance still bright and glowing in the heart of a woman who, like myself, was far past the three score years and ten allotted unto men. * * * *

Out on the low coast of Helsing-

gor, where Hamlet trod his melancholy way so many years ago, there stood, full fifty years ago, a gallant soldier, looking down with love-hungry eyes upon the delicate face of the one woman in the world for him. And he was fair, this soldier lad, with a sudden sun-blue athwart his glowing eyes, and the happy summer gold of grain and field tossed lightly in the strands of waving hair. He was no common youth, for chin and brow of noble mold betrayed the inheritance of centuries of culture and refinement. Even so, the little maid who crouched beneath his warm cloak for protection against the fierce, dull Christmas cold, was not made of common clay. Her delicate chin and oval features were animated with the light of high purpose and pure thoughts so that she was fit recipient of the tender praise her lover was whispering in her shell-like ear.

"My little love, my little love," he whispered, as he put his cold hands upon her still colder cheeks to raise her face between them, "you must not hesitate because my parents refuse consent to our marriage. Who or what are they, my love, that they should snap the cord of my life and leave my heart bleeding at your feet. Listen to me!"

"Nay, Andreas," she moaned, her voice scarcely audible in the heavy fall of wave-beats on the shore, "you it is that must listen. What am I? Who am I to mate with you, the son of a long and noble line of warriors, statesmen and students. Ah, Andreas, I know your mother. She is good and true, and she would not thus refuse her consent, if she did not feel that we were unsuited to each other."

"My Anne, you pierce my heart with poisoned arrows when you thus defend my parents against my love.

Do you not see that your very obedience and loyalty to them but makes me more your lover and your slave? Listen to me!"

"Nay, nay, my dearest, you must listen to me. This is our goodbye, unless you can persuade your lady-mother that I will not disgrace her castle walls by entering therein. I may not be of noble birth, but there is my woman's pride that will not brook to feel ashamed to meet my lover at the altar."

"Anne, look at me. Do you really mean that you would cast me off? Be careful, O my sweetheart, for I cannot bear to be scorned by woman, not even by my Anne."

The poor young creature looked anxiously into the blazing eyes above her; her lips were still and blue with cold and pain, but the flute-like voice crept over them with cruel finality.

"Dear, my heart, it is goodbye, now. But oh," as she turned her eyes to the cold dull sky, "my dear and early God, let it not be goodbye forever."

"Now and forever, Anne Borg. I cannot love nor trust so cruel and so cold a creature." And away the soldier bounded down the cliff, his sword clanging as he struck the rocks.

"Ah, Andreas," cried the stricken girl, but he paid no heed, and only plunged the deeper into the shadows of the darkening night. "And this is Christmas eve," she moaned, as she stumbled down the path, sobbing under her breath, "Christmas eve, Christmas eve; but not for me, ah, not for me!"

The years came and went with pitiless decision. Anne Borg was only human; and as she trod her dreary path of rectitude and right, there still ploughed great emotions in her soul and made deeps for

themselves to hide inner groanings.

Her parents heard a strange and glorious religion; first listening with surprise, then gladly going forth to find the Light, the Truth, the Way. But Anne hoped and hoped for other things and would not be baptized. Each Christmas day she set her room in order, and decked herself in all her shining best, for Christmas was his and hers. Her labors led her into the homes of the great and rich, for she was gifted with rare power over little children, and she was well educated in her native schools. So she went about for ten years as governess. She heard sometimes of her lover; sometimes he sent her flowers or gifts, always on the Christmas day, and she knew that he was making a brilliant record in a foreign land, first as attache, then as ambassador to a foreign power. Andreas never failed to send his little sweetheart greeting on the Christmas eve. And once there came a ring, such a slender golden wire it was, but the thread of gold clutched about her heart with such clinging tendrils that she almost suffocated as she kissed it into place upon her slender hand. He had never married. She told herself that he was loving her as she was loving him, hoping, hoping, for a providence, he nor she knew what.

Then another Christmas came, and found Anne hurrying home in the wide streets of Copenhagen, her arms full of Christmas parcels, and her cheeks brilliant with the frost-king's kisses. As she turned a corner she was flung against a tall, uniformed man, who looked down upon her glowing face, and cried out: "Anne!"

And then they were once more alone to all intents and purposes on the sea-girt shores of Helsingør,

and there were no Copenhagen streets for them, with crowds of hurrying people and blazing shop-windows, as her small face was kissed a thousand hungry times.

That was the torture of a hundred years compressed into one blissful yet cruel moment. Death, you say? What is death? Not such intensity of suffering as left that radiant girlish face with many seams and lines of pain. For her answer was still No, No, No. For, added to all the other obstacles was now this new one of her parents' strange and scorned religion. And so that hour-long century of passionate demand and still more abandoned despair of refusal left those two souls stranded again upon the shore of life, hopeless and hapless. As Anne fled down a side street to avoid her lover's searching eyes, she heard above her in the Church belfry the chimes of "Noel" and then "Noel," ring out on the cold and senseless air.

A year later came the journey across the blue waters of her own north sea, and later she was swept on the rocking waves of the changing wide Atlantic. Then, the travel in the new and wondrous cars, which kept her poor old father quoting Isaiah's prophecy of those who traveled "with speed swiftly."

Then came the Valley of the Great Salt Lake—and poverty; oh, such grinding poverty; for they were not only alien of habit, but speech was slow to them, and it seemed that never would her parents' lips speak this strange tongue, so that children would cease to laugh in mockery at their broken words. At last Anne rose to meet her fate with that sublime courage which most women and some men muster to battle against life's hardest obstacles. Then, indeed, the

peace that passeth all understanding poured its oil into her aching heart, and she, too, learned through prayer the path that leads to Light and Truth. But oh, she watched and waited for her lover's coming, and each Christmas night for forty years she trimmed her lamp and set it burning 'neath the treasured picture of her Helsingor. No man could reach or touch that dedicated heart. On her lips were frozen those never-to-be-forgotten Christmas kisses of a lover who was ready to defy parents, country and even honor only to catch and hold her head between his hands. Few women, so loved, can ever be content with prudent asking and careful weighing of values.

And Andreas? Oh, yes, he married, did Andreas. But after his wife had borne him two children she passed away, and he was left alone. He would not marry again, but sits alone gravely waiting death in his darkened castle walls; while over here, at Christmas time, there waits a faded little woman, watching, hoping, still praying for his coming.

I turned my foot from that consecrated spot, and as the tiny flame from her window lamp glowed brightly on the snow of the sidewalk, I stood a moment in the shadow of the unsightly walls to whisper: "Oh God, give of Thy tenderest grace to rest upon this tiny mansion which holds so rare and precious a jewel in its choice enclosure."

To my vision the Christ angels hovered near, and as I stole quietly away, they sang noiselessly round the tiny casement:

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

The Christmas Turkeys.

In all the little village there wasn't a happier face than Dick's when the great sleigh started for the station that clear, cold December morning. For in it, with the eight big crates of turkeys which his father was shipping to the city, was a box. And in that box were Dick's ten turkeys. He had fed and watched them all the spring and summer. His own cold little fingers had picked and dressed them. And with the money paid for them he was to buy a new overcoat and a pair of skates.

But two days later it would have been hard to find a sorrier little boy than Dick himself. For a letter came to father from the city buyer, saying that, while the eight crates of turkeys had been safely received, no box was to be found.

Not even Mother could comfort Dick. In vain she ripped and washed and pressed and made over an old coat of father's for him. "You see," said little Dick soberly, "'twon't be just my very own earnings, mother."

One day a dingy little letter, addressed in queer, straggly letters, came to Dick. It said:

"DICK LEE:—I got your box of turkeys with your name on the card. It fell out the end of the cart. And I picked it up and carried it home. You see I'd been having bad luck with selling

papers and we're awful poor, and it's awful cold, and we hadn't any fire. 'Course 'twas wicked, and I know it and I'm sorry now.

"I cut up the box and made a fire. But mother cried and cried when she knew. Say, if you'll send me a letter and tell me where to take your turkeys to, I'll do it sure's my name's Johnny Dunn. My, but they're bouncers."

Dick read this letter several times. Then he went to mother to talk it over. There was a little lump in his throat when he said, "I think, mother, I'll write Johnny Dunn to keep five of those turkeys. He can sell four and keep the big bouncer for himself and his mother to eat Christmas Day. The other five he can sell for me."

And he did. The money came in a few days and a letter from Johnny and one from his mother. Both were so brimful of happiness that Dick almost forgot that he had only half as much money as he had expected.

He bought his skates—the shiniest ones in town.

And as mother helped him into his coat, when he went to try them Christmas Day, he said cheerily, "Never you mind about the old coat, mother. This one does first rate. What's good enough for father is good enough for me any day."

Christmas.

By Alfred Tennyson.

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

is issued on the first of each month. Price, \$1 a year payable in advance.

Entered at Post Office, Salt Lake City, as second-class matter.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - DECEMBER, 1908

Games of Chance.

To Whom it May Concern:

Among the vices of the present age, gambling is very generally condemned. Gambling under its true name is forbidden by law, and is discountenanced by the self-respecting elements of society. Nevertheless, in numerous guises the demon of chance is welcomed in the home, in fashionable clubs, and at entertainments for worthy charities,

even within the precincts of sacred edifices. Devices for raising money by appealing to the gambling instinct are common accessories at church sociables, ward fairs, and the like.

Whatever may be the condition elsewhere, this custom is not to be sanctioned within this Church; and any organization allowing such is in opposition to the counsel and instruction of the general Authorities of the Church.

Without attempting to specify or particularize the many objectionable forms given to this evil practice amongst us, we say again to the people that no kind of chance game, guessing-contest, or raffling device, can be approved in any entertainment under the auspices of our Church organizations.

The desire to get something of value for little or nothing is pernicious; and any proceeding that strengthens that desire is an effective aid to the gambling spirit, which has proved a veritable demon of destruction to thousands. Risking a dime in the hope of winning a dollar in any game of chance is a species of gambling.

Let it not be thought that raffling articles of value, offering prizes to the winners in guessing-contests, the use of machines of chance, or any other device of the kind, is to be allowed or excused because the money so obtained is to be used for a good purpose. The Church is not to be supported in any degree by means obtained through gambling.

Let the attention of Stake and

Ward officers, and those in charge of the auxiliary organizations of the Church be directed to what has been written on this subject and to this present reminder. An article over the signature of the President of the Church was published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Oct. 1, 1902 (volume 37, page 592), in which were given citations from earlier instructions and advice to the people on this subject. For convenience part of that article is repeated here. In reply to a question as to whether raffling and games of chance are justifiable when the purposes to be accomplished are good, this was said: "We say emphatically, No. Raffle is only a modified name of gamble." President Young once said to Sister Eliza R. Snow: "Tell the sisters not to raffle. If the mothers raffle the children will gamble. Raffling is gambling." Then it is added: "Some say, 'What shall we do? We have quilts on hand—we cannot sell them and we need means to supply our treasury, which we can obtain by raffling for the benefit of the poor.' Rather let the quilts rot on the shelves than adopt the old adage, 'The end will sanctify the means.' At Latter-day Saints we cannot afford to sacrifice moral principle to financial gain."

As was further stated in the article cited, the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union has passed resolutions expressing its unqualified disapproval of raffling, and all games of chance, for the purpose of raising funds for the aid of the Sunday Schools. And the general Authorities of the Church have said as they now say to the people: Let no raffling, guessing-contests, or other means of raising money by appealing to the spirit of

winning by chance, be tolerated in any organization of the Church.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

JOHN R. WINDER,

ANTHON H. LUND,

First Presidency of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 14, 1908.

The Juvenile.

It is a year since the JUVENILE assumed its new dress and began its new career, in its effort to continue the good work that had been done years before. During the year past we have endeavored to set before JUVENILE readers things that they would like and that would be suitable for a Sunday School magazine. We have endeavored to give to the children a variety of selected and original stories. We have attempted to give to older readers a few stories that they would like. We have offered some miscellaneous articles on subjects of more or less weight. We have presented stories from Church history, in pleasing dress. We have endeavored to give helpful suggestions to home-makers. We have presented an abundance of Sunday School material for Sunday School workers. And we have striven, from time to time to express editorially thoughts that should be presented for the consideration of all Church members. All this we outlined before the year began; and all this we have attempted to do. What degree of success has attended our labors, we must leave our readers to decide.

Soon we shall begin upon the work of another year. Of course we are anxious to do better during the coming year than we have ever done before. We have had some very good things said about our work during the past year. Those

things have pleased us. But we have also had a few unpleasant things said about our work. Those things have pained us. We have been more than willing to admit that we are far from perfect. We have accepted honest criticisms and have tried to improve. During the coming year we shall continue to do so; and we hope that our friends will honestly and candidly give us such helpful criticism as they can. The question is simply this: How best can the JUVENILE become a really representative organ for the Sunday Schools of the Church?

During the coming year, we hope to be able to present a very great variety of charming stories for the children. If possible we shall make the JUVENILE a magazine that the children who read *will not* be without. We shall continue to present in attractive form the fascinating story of our Church history. We shall have timely and interesting contributions on art in the home, and other subjects of great interest to parents. We shall present original poems, beautiful illustrations, and ennobling mottoes. We shall endeavor to have a proper amount of Sunday School topics. We shall discuss editorially such questions as seem to need discussion. In short, we shall do all that we can to make the JUVENILE a success as a family magazine. Already we have a mass of contributions from some of the best and most entertaining writers in the Church, and more is coming daily. The JUVENILE is growing.

Remember, however, that the JUVENILE is only growing. It has not reached its full growth. We hope it never will. We want it to grow eternally. And so, of course, we want your support to grow too.

Not all the Sunday School workers in the Church have subscribed for the JUVENILE yet. If they would all do so, we should grow faster. Just as soon as we have sufficient income to do so, we are going to enlarge the JUVENILE, and give still more good material for the dollar in advance. You see, the JUVENILE is not a money-making scheme. Nobody is getting rich from it. But just as soon as we get more money than we need to run the magazine as it is now, we are going to make it bigger and thus use up the surplus money. Sunday School workers, fathers, mothers, pupils, fall in line. Help us make the JUVENILE a big thing.

Musicians and Song-Writers.

A special committee appointed by the General Sunday School Union Board is preparing to publish in the very near future a new Sunday School song book. The songs now published in the old song book will be used, and there will be added to them about one hundred new songs. The new book will be a thoroughly revised and improved one, so that it will be much better than the old book now in use.

Now, the committee requests that all composers and song-writers in the Church contribute to this new book. We are especially in need of good sacramental music and sacramental songs. Sacramental contributions will, therefore, be especially welcome. Songs or music submitted for consideration should reach the committee not later than Dec. 15, 1908. Address all communications to the General Sunday School Union Board, 44 E. So. Temple, Salt Lake City.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

General Board Assignments.

Reassignment of Stakes to individual members of the General Board, for the purpose of giving special attention to Stake Boards on Organization, Unions, Local Board Meetings, Enlistment, Subscriptions to JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Nickel Donation, etc.

Presidents Joseph F. Smith, John R. Winder, Anthon H. Lund, Francis M. Lyman, and Seymour B. Young are excused.

David O. McKay—Union, Teton, Ogden.

George D. Pyper—Ensign, Big Horn, Parowan.

John F. Bennett—Bear Lake, Pioneer, Wayne.

Joseph W. Summerhays—St. Johns, Box Elder, Emery.

Levi W. Richards—Alpine, Morgan, Nebo.

Horace H. Cummings—Beaver, St. George.

Hugh J. Cannon—Liberty, Davis, North Weber.

Heber J. Grant—Bannock, Maricopa.

James W. Ure—Benson, Woodruff.

Win. D. Owen—Panguitch, Kanab, St. Joseph.

Josiah Burrows—Oneida, Sevier, Jordan.

George M. Cannon—Granite, Alberta, Taylor.

Henry Peterson—Bingham, North Sanpete, Blackfoot.

James E. Talmage—Cassia, Star Valley.

John M. Mills—San Juan, South Sanpete, Fremont.

John Henry Smith—San Luis, Weber.

Henry H. Rolapp—Cache, Utah, Pocatello.

Stephen L. Richards—Malad, Hyrum, Salt Lake

Harold G. Reynolds—Uintah, Snowflake, Tooele.

Charles B. Felt—Wasatch, Millard, Juab.

George H. Wallace—Rigby, Summit, Garland.

Andrew Kimball—Juarez.

Parents' Department.

Evenings at Home.

By Mattie Duncan Bartlett.

We should learn the companions of our children. Invite them to our homes and be friends. Let them feel that they are interesting to us and that we like to know what they are doing. All children like to feel that they are of some importance and they will go where they are well treated. Parents should make an effort to learn where their children spend their time when not at home. Every child should tell exactly where he is going when he leaves home of an evening. Let us learn what it is about the child's friend's home that is so attractive and if it is good, let us make our own more so in that respect, and if it is something not good, then let our own be such a one that the child himself can see the difference and choose the good. All parents should be able to show in an indirect way the harm that comes from visiting places that are not elevating, but they should never fall into

the bad habit of preaching about them.

We should not try to keep children at home every evening. There are many places where they may profitably go. If they have had an enjoyable evening out with father and mother or some other responsible person they will have food for thought and conversation the following evening. Never let the children feel that the older person is with them to watch and spy upon them, but that this person can help them have a better time than they would have had had they been alone, and also that good form requires it. We should give children full liberty to enjoy themselves and teach them that they are to get all the righteous pleasure they can out of life, and unless their consciences have become warped through some misleading influence they will never disappoint us.

It never hurt any child to let him know that our main object in life is to see to their welfare, for if he knows that his own family is interested in him he will do all he can to satisfy those who are doing so much for him. The old saying that "in unity there is strength" might well be applied to the family, for in family unity there is moral strength. Every child will do his best to keep up the family moral pride. So we must see to it that we are a united whole, each dependent upon the other.

Too often mothers go to the extreme in cleanliness and order in the home at the expense of the children's comfort. We should pity the child who lives in such a beautiful house that the kitchen is used in place of the dining room and whose back porch is the place where the family gathers so as not to untidy the parlors. As long as the chil-

dren are small, the mother can keep them out of the best rooms, but if it is enforced after the children are old enough to go out and see other more attractive homes, the unfortunate children will drift away from the home they live in and seek a more congenial atmosphere. We believe that a child's youth is his best time. Let us make it for him in very deed and help him to live so that he can have no regrets when he grows to manhood. It is in youth that most follies are committed and habits are formed that leave their impressions on our souls forever.

When you are planning to redecorate your homes, has the idea presented itself that the children would enjoy being consulted as to what color wall paper or draperies would be appropriate for their home? Possibly their judgment might not be the best, but by exerting a little tact we could bring them to see the way we do, and at the same time let them think that they are responsible for the appearance of their home. Or, if the question involves something that pertains to the child directly, such as his clothes or his own room, let us humor them occasionally and they will think the more of us for it. The most fitting time to discuss these matters is on the evening when all the family is together. If the children have a voice in the arrangements of the home, then it will not be simply father's and mother's home, but our home, and all will want to be there to enjoy it.

When children are old enough to go to social gatherings in the evening it is well for father and mother, if possible, to wait for them, when they return. If it is a cold evening see that there is a warm fire and a cheerful, bright light to greet

them upon opening the door, but do not let the welcome be dampened by a stern look. Is there any child who knows that in his home his darling mother is waiting to give him a good-night kiss before he goes to rest, that can wilfully and deliberately do such things as would bring tears to those tender eyes and bow that dear head in sorrow? A child is never too old to receive its evening kiss from mother. The influence of love and patience is more powerful than that exerted by the stern parent who angrily waits behind the door, ready the moment the child steps upon the porch, to mete out what he considers a just punishment. Possibly the child was unwillingly detained and there was no wrong either done nor contemplated by him; or possibly there was nothing inviting in his home atmosphere and he had gone forth to seek something, he knew not what, that his soul craved. If he has been unjustly punished, the next time perhaps he is not so blameless, but parents should be very careful to see that the blame falls on the proper persons. It would be far better if parents could see the cause of the trouble years before the trouble comes, and thereby avoid it.

Let us feel each day when we arise that there is so much to do, and at night that we have done our best; that our influence has had some effect upon the child who most needed it, but do not let us be satisfied with one day well done, but let it be an incentive to do more tomorrow. Like Cornelia, our children are our most precious jewels, and they need the very best of care.

Theological Department.

The attention of theological department workers in stake boards

and Sunday Schools is called to a recent decision of the General Board with reference to lessons to be taken up in the year 1909, that is to say, in schools where there are two theological classes, one having studied the fourth-year lessons, the other having studied the second-year lessons during 1908. Inasmuch as there are not additional lessons provided by the General Board, the fourth-year class should return to the third-year lessons; the members of the second-year class will naturally join with them in studying the third-year lessons and make one class. The action outlined above will give room for the formation of a theological class to be composed of those who are promoted from the second intermediate department and they will take up the lessons of the first year in the theological department.

In some schools there have been during the year 1908 two second intermediate classes, one studying fourth year lessons, the other studying second year lessons. There may have been only one theological class during the year 1908. At the beginning of 1909, the second intermediate class that has just completed the fourth year lessons in that department will be promoted to the theological department. The question will at once arise as to whether or not this class should join the theological class that has studied the first and second years' lessons and take up third year lessons, thus skipping two years' work and losing much valuable instruction.

Where conditions are such that teachers can be secured, the class promoted from the second intermediate department should be kept separate and distinct from the older theological class, and be formed into a theological class by themselves

and begin the study of the first-year lessons.

In schools where there have been during 1908 only one theological class and only one second intermediate class, the most natural plan would be for each class to take up third year lessons in their respective departments and thus go on and complete their course in the department. Careful judgment should be used, however, in some individual cases, where promotion from second intermediate department to theological department is under consideration. We should always remember that we are trying to save souls and not merely to enforce rules.

The plan of the Sunday School outlines is based on the presumption that a child will progress year after year until he has completed the entire course. If he can do this he will gain a very useful knowledge of many Gospel principles and truths. As Sunday School workers we should try to so control and utilize the conditions surrounding us that the purpose of our Sunday School lessons may be accomplished.

Second Intermediate Department.

It has been observed that there are many Second Intermediate classes without male teachers. In fact it seems from the best sources of information available that among the teachers of this department the sisters are largely in the majority. This should not be the case. The sisters are frequently the better class teachers, and circumstances often permit them to be the more regular attendants, but the influence of male teachers is necessary with pupils, especially boys, of this age.

The ideal condition would be to have an equal number of brethren and sisters in the teaching force of

this department. And now that adjustments and reorganizations made necessary by the release of large numbers of Seventies are practically completed, it would be well if the officers of stakes and wards in charge of this work would endeavor as soon as possible to supply a good earnest brother to work in each class.

In the selection of a man for this position, regard should be had for the qualifications that are necessary to the proper fulfilment of the duties he will have to perform. He should be a man whose life is an example to the boys at this ideal-forming period of life. He should be acquainted with boy nature, and have tact and skill in leadership. Above all a man to fill this position well must have so fervent a love for the Gospel that he can inspire in the hearts of the boys a love for its principles.

When such a man has been found he should not easily be removed or receive a so-called promotion to another department. There is no other class in the Sunday School in which he can be more useful. He is needed most in the Second Intermediate department. He should be the social and spiritual leader and inspirer of all boys in his ward, who are eligible to enter his class. It should be his mission to draw the boys into the Sunday School and to instruct them there and help them to adjust themselves to a proper life in the most critical period of youth.

The work of the good, faithful sisters who are teaching in this department is not depreciated. But their particular mission should be to the girls, as that of the brethren to the boys. The sexes need more separate instruction and individual care during the period covered by the

Second Intermediate years than at any other in life.

All stake boards ought likewise to have a man of proper qualifications in charge of the work of this department.

First Intermediate Department.

Where the Sunday School is large enough, and ages and numbers of pupils justify, it has been the aim to have two grades of study in the department, during the past year, viz., one grade studying the second year's course and the other taking up the work of the fourth year. Where this is the case, we find with the month of December the grade studying the second year course will complete the study of the Old Testament Stories; and those who have been taking up the fourth year work will cover the lessons in Church History given in this department. We therefore find that those first mentioned will, if qualified to remain with their class, be advanced and in the new year will take up the third year's course of study. And in like manner those who have finished the fourth year's work in the department, and are up with their classmates, should be promoted to a first year class in the Second Intermediate department. Of course all promotions are made only by authority or sanction of the superintendency of the school.

In closing the year's work, a word concerning the lessons to be taken up next year is in order. The outlines give as subjects for the first year's work in this department the Book of Mormon; and for the third year's work the New Testament, so far as it pertains to the life of our Savior. Both of the subjects treated are specially adapted to the First Intermediate depart-

ment; and this leads us to call attention to some items connected with this particular department. To begin with, the First Intermediate department is numerically the largest department in the Church. Some of our teachers unwittingly underestimate the mental capacity of the pupils of this grade. Life and activity and a desire to "know things" and "do things" is characteristic of these boys and girls. And happy is the teacher who, without unduly repressing the ceaseless activity of his class can divert the tireless energy into proper channels. And fortunate is the class which has teachers so wise, so patient and so energetic that they will not rest content until every boy and girl is awakened to a thirst for knowledge and a love for the great and the good. Not all children have equal capacity or equal development, either mental or physical, at the same age. But somewhere, while in the course of study in this first intermediate department (including as it does suggestive ages of from nine to twelve inclusive) the boy or girl should acquire a love for good reading. Every teacher should be prepared to recommend books suited to the individual pupil. Not necessarily many books, but those chosen should be good books. By which we mean books that will leave the proper impress on the youthful mind. Generally speaking, they must be books of action, describing scenes or men or women worth while. With it all and through it all must run sound morals and high ideals, but without smacking of cant, hypocrisy or sham. If possible (and it is possible) encourage a habit of thorough reading rather than rapid reading. Some of the world's most powerful thinkers, and some of the writers whose diction is purest have been

men of few books, but those books the best, and known thoroughly.

In conclusion, our aim is not alone to get the boys and girls into the Sunday School and to take them through this numerically strongest department, but to plant in their hearts the Gospel message; to start them in the reading habit so that when they are promoted into the second intermediate department, from which so many have in times past dropped out of the Sunday School, the habits formed in our department may help to hold them in the school.

Notes.

Salt Lake, Davis, and Rigby, in the order named, were the first stakes to report on the nickel fund *after* the regularly appointed Nickel Sunday, Oct. 25. Each of these stakes remitted over one hundred per cent, the Salt Lake remittance being received very early on the morning of the 26th. Success to the stakes. The General Board certainly appreciates such prompt returns.

This is a season for selecting attractive presents. There is really no more generally suitable present than a good book, well printed and beautifully bound. Come and examine our Christmas stock. Or if you can't come, send us your order. If you don't know what book you want, send us as much as you want to pay for a book and we shall be glad to make

the best selection possible for you.

Speaking of Christmas presents, we are reminded of the great propriety of giving pictures. Pictures, too, are a source of elevation and enlightenment. We have on hand the only nearly complete line of artistic photographs of historical scenes in Church history, and of Church authorities. For schools, schoolrooms, meeting houses, and private houses you can get nothing much better in art. Put before the children the scenes of Church history, and the presidents of the Church. Then the children will learn to love these things.

Two corrections must be noted in the November JUVENILE. First, in the little poem, *The Best of Mothers*, by L. L. Greene Richards, the second column should stand first. Undoubtedly readers have already discovered this fact. Then in the Sunday School department, the name of Genet Bingham should appear over the first intermediate article, and not over that of the second intermediate. We are sorry these unpardonable mistakes occurred.

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Pleasantries.

BLUE-BLOODED.

Reformed Cannibal (with a dreadful past): "I may be black, Sah, but I've got British blood in ma veins."—*Punch*.

FAMILIAR WITH SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. Smith: "My eldest son is very familiar with Shakespeare.

Mrs. Casey: "Indade. Shure Oi thought thot mon doid long ago!

AFTER THE SERVICE.

Deacon Wigg: "Now, that was a finished discourse."

Farmer Wagg: "Yes; but do you know, I thought it never would be."—*Judge*.

PREOCCUPIED.

"Ma," declared the excited little girl, "the babys' lost his breath!"

"Then put him right down," rejoined the preoccupied mother, "and hunt around till you find it!"

ECONOMICAL PAT.

Pat had suffered for days with a terrible toothache.

Finally he went to a dentist. On asking how much it would cost, the dentist said: "Fifty cents. With gas, one dollar!"

"Shure," cried Pat, "I'll call in the mornin' and have it took out by daylight!"

PRECAUTION.

The little daughter of a well-known American scientist, taken with the measles, heard a good deal of talk about germs and microbes.

One evening a short while after her recovery she was near when her mother was singing a lullaby to the baby.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "you mustn't sing that! You sang it to me when I had the measles, and there may be microbes in it!"

I WONDER.

I wonder why a fellow has to wash his hands and face.

They always dirty up again in just the washed-off place.

And when a feller skips his ears they say he has no pride.

No one but Maw twists up my ears and looks around inside.

And when I wonder why she does, she says "to find the dirt."

If it's as hard to see as that, to leave it in can't hurt.

FACT, NOT FANCY.

"If you please, ma'am," said the servant from Finland, "the cat's had chickens."

"Nonsense, Gertrude!" returned the mistress of the house. "You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens."

"Was them chickens or kittens that master brought home last night?"

"Chickens, of course."

"Well, ma'am, that's what the cat has had."—*Youth's Companion*.

AUNTIE BROWN'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING ADVICE.

The morning after Christmas Day

I met my Auntie Brown.

She carried packages galore

And was en route down town.

Said she, "To see me out today

You seem to think is strange.

But listen, niece; each gift I gave

I'm taking to exchange.

"The slippers which I bought for John

Were just three sizes small.

The smoking jacket was too large

For Uncle Percival.

"And oh, the gloves for Cousin Sue

Should have been number six;

I ordered them with Johnny's skates,

And got the sizes mixed.

"And Rob's fur cap was so immense

It quite obscured his face;

The rings and bracelets were too small

For Marjory and Grace.

"Well, I must go," she sighed; "but niece,

Whene'er you give surprises

Of Christmas gifts, don't ever give

A thing that comes in sizes!"

—*Alice Jean Cleator*.

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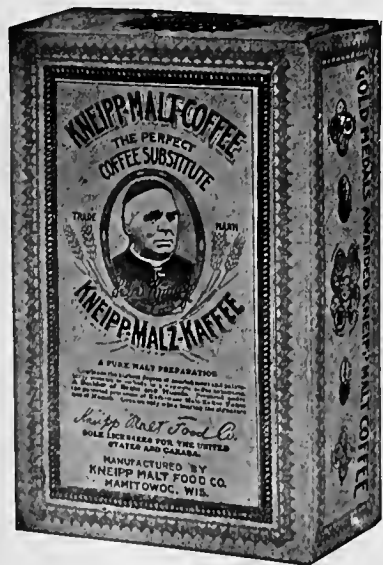
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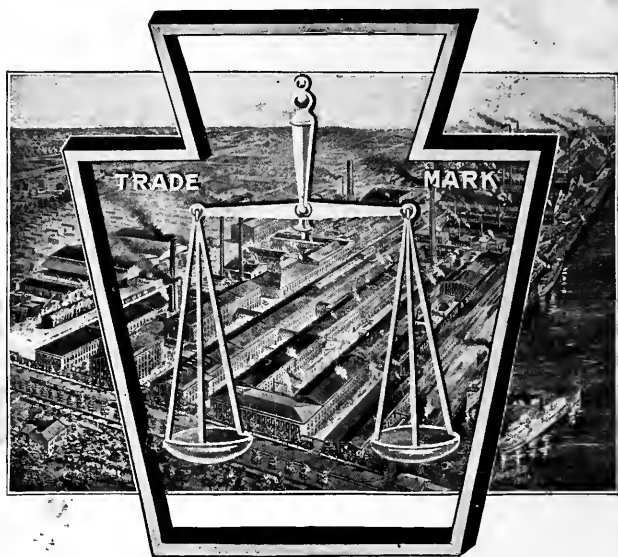
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